

Children's Newspaper

My Magazine for September
Should be Ordered Now

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 73 Week Ending
AUGUST 7, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A SCOTSMAN DOES A WONDERFUL THING

A VERY GREAT ADVENTURE BRITAIN RULES THE DANUBE

Tremendous Achievement and
How it Came About

GETTING EUROPE TO WORK AGAIN

Many of us saw in one or two of the papers that a syndicate of British business men has acquired 80 per cent. of the maritime rights of the river Danube, but the grown-up papers have not done more than make this announcement.

Apparently they do not realise that this is one of the very greatest strokes in European politics. Some day men will see that it is as great an act as Disraeli's purchase of the Suez Canal shares.

There is no river in Central Europe so important as the Danube. It waters many countries, and is navigable for many miles. The steamers which plied upon it before the war belonged to Austria, Hungary, Serbia, Germany, and Bulgaria. The Austrian company alone owned 50 passenger steamers, 94 tugs, and 865 steel barges. Its passenger service covered 1595 miles, its goods service 2540 miles, and it owned 240 stations.

Barges Worth £20,000,000

In buying up this company, and all the others, the British syndicate has had to find millions of pounds. It has not only acquired ships and maritime rights, but shipbuilding yards, coal mines, piers, wharves, warehouses, and stations. The present value of the barges alone is twenty million pounds.

Such a transaction is simply stupendous, and the possibilities it offers to Great Britain are beyond conception.

It means that Great Britain controls the economic life of Central Europe.

It means that Great Britain has become the master-builder of Central Europe's ruined civilisation.

It means that Great Britain can assure the peace of the world.

Putting Europe on Its Feet Again

How did this great transaction come to pass?

We are acquainted with the man who set the whole thing in motion. He is a Scotsman who made his own fortunes, who has risen from small beginnings to a position of enormous power.

It was pity for the starving women and children of Central Europe that first moved him towards this immense transaction. He wanted to do something practicable to end the terrible suffering, and he saw that what Central Europe required was work.

In this way, inquiring how to get raw materials into Central Europe, how to provide the manufacturers of all those ruined countries with capital, how to get the populations of all those States back to the self-respect of self-supporting

Scouts of the United Kingdom, Greeting



The American Boy Scouts now at Olympia for the great Jamboree received a warm welcome from their comrades. One of them, dressed as a Red Indian, is here greeting his British brother

labour, he discovered that the traffic of the Danube was disorganised and practically bankrupt.

It flashed into his mind, "If I could organise the traffic of the Danube I could feed Central Europe with raw materials and carry back their manufactured goods to the markets of the world." He mentioned this idea to one or two people in high places, and its greatness was seen at once. "Go ahead," they said, and he went full steam ahead.

Today his syndicate may be said to have entered into partnership with the manufacturers of Central Europe. He lends them raw materials and they pay him back in the profits of their manufactured goods. It looks as if Great Britain may become the working partner of Central Europe's industrial world.

The controllers of great rivers have in their hands a mighty power. They hold the keys of industry, and in the case of the Danube, always one of the chief highways of traffic in Europe, the significance of this change can hardly be exaggerated. Flowing through many countries, the Danube as a bearer of

commerce is without a parallel in Europe. It has been for ages one of the rivers of history. It was for long the frontier of the Roman Empire; it was the highway of the barbarian hordes invading Europe at the breaking up of Rome; it was the scene of many of the fiercest of Napoleon's battles. Now it is to figure once again, under British sway, in the rebuilding of the ruins of Central Europe after the war.

And now we get news that this British syndicate may possibly acquire similar rights in two other great rivers of Europe, so that the future opening up before these islands is as boundless as the future of Europe itself.

Who will say, after this, that there is not room in the modern world for adventures, or that the brains of the British race are inferior to those of America? Never in the history of the world has a business adventure provided greater results to the people of these islands. The individual with character has still something to say for himself, although Bolshevism does all the shouting.

THE SINGING SANDS MUSIC MYSTERY BY THE SEA

Odd Thing that Has Puzzled
Science for Generations

STRANGE SOUNDS FROM A HILLSIDE

By a Scientific Correspondent

Sometimes, though, not often or at many places in England, you may notice that as you walk over the dry sands they give out a very high, but not very loud, squeaky note.

There are 92 such places known, most of them in America, but 19 others are scattered about Asia or the desert sands of Africa. In these places the sands when walked upon give out quite a shrill, loud sound, something like the musical note made when you rub a wetted finger round the rim of a thin glass bowl.

These singing sands have puzzled scientific men a good deal, and have lately been the subject of much study. Specimens of them have been collected, and it has often been found that after a time they lose their singing powers.

Song of the Gases

They preserve them best if the sand is kept in a paper bag, but if placed in a tin or in a glass vessel they quickly lose them, especially if shaken about; and once they are lost the singing powers never return. The most favoured explanation at present is that some of the gases of the air stick to certain kinds of sand grains, and not to others; and that when we walk over the sand, or press it, these little cushions of air, millions of them, are disturbed and give forth the musical sound.

Some of these singing sands have been known for thousands of years. In the Arabian Nights mention is made of a famous mountain in Arabia, known as Jebel Nagous, the "mountain of the gong," the word "nagous" being generally used for the big wooden gongs which are used in the hill monasteries, and the sound of which floats over the plains. The Arabs tell of weird sounds that are heard from this mountain, loud in storms, low and musical at eventide.

Waves of Sand Grains

Dr. Carlyon Bolton some time ago visited the place, a four days' caravan journey from the town of Tor, and there he found the legend to be true. Jebel Nagous, the mountain of the gong, did send forth a song of several notes, with a continuous deep undertone like an organ. He searched and found the cause.

The winds blow the desert sands up against the side of the hill, and the grains of sand thus impelled rush up the slopes, making a multitude of tiny tinkling notes which, combined together, produce a considerable volume of sound.

Then the retiring wave of sand grains sliding back gives rise to the steady undertone of sound, which is increased by the echo from the sandstone cliffs, and varies with the ever-changing wind.

All the work on a wheat crop can be done by machinery.

August 7, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

SMALL CHANGE

Pity the Troubles of a Traveller

THE TAXIMAN OF THE SEINE

By Our Country Girl on the Continent

There is no getting away from it: if you asked an honest visitor to Paris what struck him most in that country today, he could not reply, "The works of art, the Winged Victory, or the Mona Lisa at the Louvre!" nor "The Towers of the Sacré Coeur looking down on Paris from the hill of poor students," nor "The stalls of secondhand books on the banks of the Seine, where all the great writers have gone looking for cheap copies of the classics in their penniless youth."

No; if he were honest, he would have to reply, "The most striking thing in France today is the fact that there is no small change." Officials accuse the people of hoarding; the people accuse the government, the war, the Germans, the Russians—anyone handy.

But this does not improve the fact that there are no coins representing our halfcrowns, shillings, or sixpences to be met with, unless you are very obstinate or very coaxing.

What happens, then? Turn yourself into an invisible Perseus and take a taxi-ride from the station to an hotel with me. The fare is two francs odd. We have nothing less than a five-franc note. There are notes for one franc and for fifty centimes (about fivepence), but these dirty, dilapidated notes are rare.

First of all, the taximan abuses us for not having change. He is very cross and very sarcastic. At last, however, he draws out a pocket-book, and begins to count out the change in stamps of 25, 10, or 15 centimes, laying each one separately on his spare wheel, whence it blows away. Then he drives off—over the change.

Tipping is really a burden to the impoverished people. You cannot give a boy five francs for fetching you a cab; but how ridiculous it is to press two stamps into his palm!

Perhaps the unkindest cut of all is the rule at the ticket office in railway stations: no change is given, travellers must present the exact cost of their journeys. At one Parisian station I saw a lady crimson with excitement.

"But I assure you, Monsieur, that I have nothing less than ten francs!"

"Your ticket is four twenty-five," said the clerk as resolutely as if the whole Republic stood or fell by him.

"But my train goes in ten minutes," wailed the lady. "If I go looking for change I shall miss it!"

The clerk shrugged his shoulders, the other passengers hustled her, and the unfortunate woman went off with her ten francs, as useless as pebbles.

MARCH OF THE RATS

A Squeaking Army

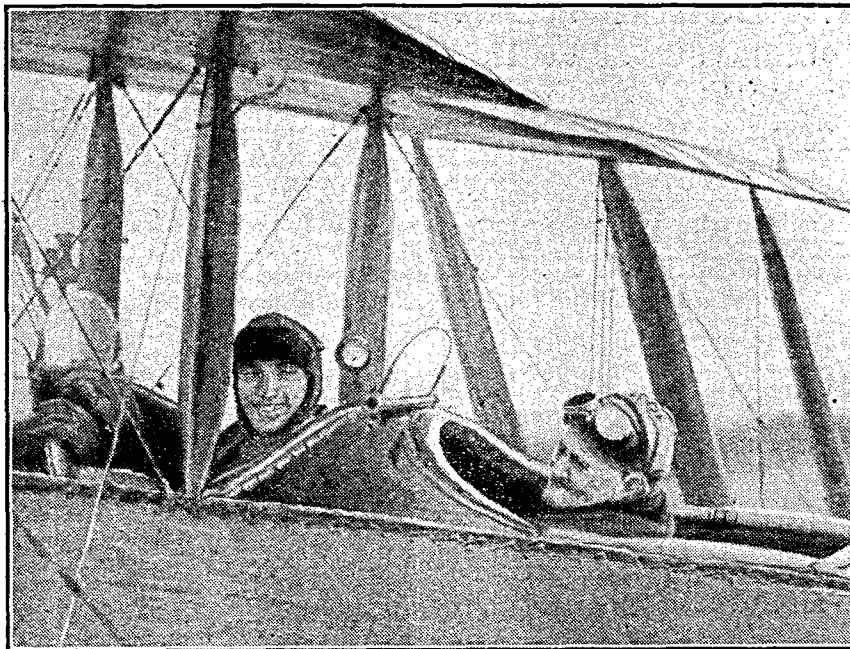
An Isle of Ely reader gives an instance of migration which is not uncommon with small animals in many parts of the world.

My grandfather, when a boy, was taking a horse out to grass down a lonely lane, when his path was crossed by a host of rats, that squeaked loudly as they passed, but took no notice of the horse.

It had been very hot and dry weather, and no doubt they were travelling together from a distant farm to a brook in search of water.

My grandfather dared not return on foot, so he caught a donkey and rode it home, but did not see any more rats.

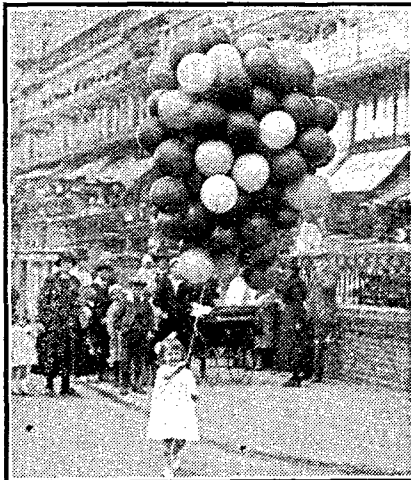
PICTURES FROM THE NEWS



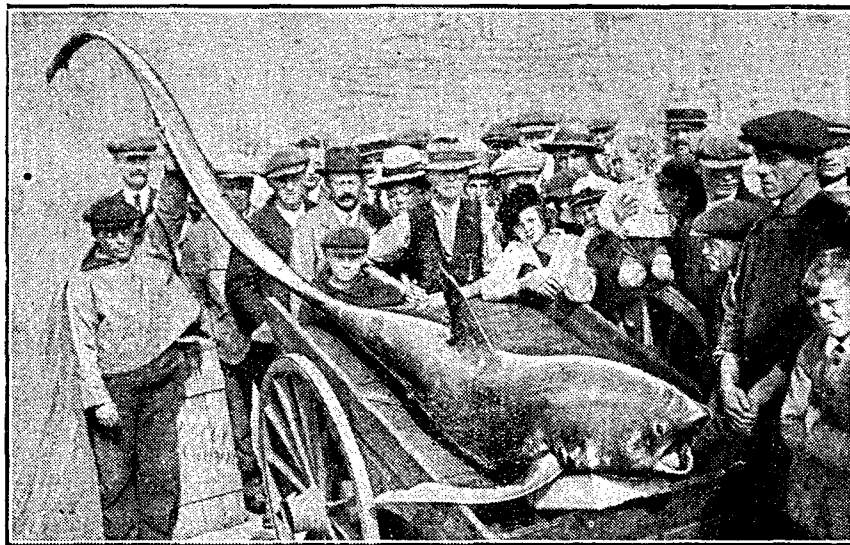
A Centenarian goes Flying—Mrs. Ann Sissons, aged 101, who has just made two flights at Mansfield, and now wants to loop the loop. See page 5



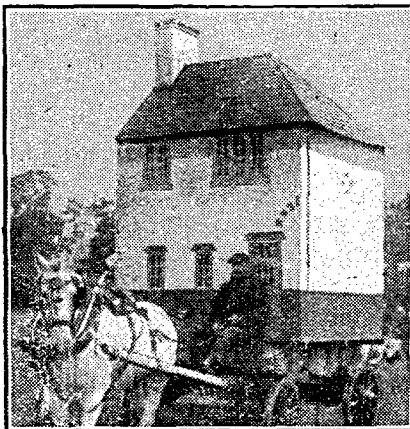
Marking the Swans—At this season all the young swans on the Thames have their owners' marks put on them



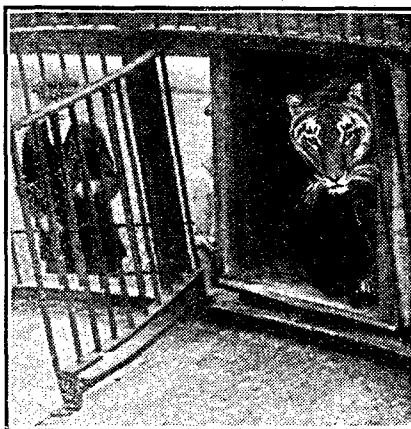
The Champion Balloonist of the Seaside—This little girl at Southend is very proud of her great fleet of balloons



Shark caught at Hastings—This great thrasher shark, weighing seven hundredweights, was caught in a net off Hastings. It kills its prey with its long tail



Too Small to Live in—A model house in a trade union procession at the opening of a new building estate at Charlton



A New Visitor to London—The tiger which has just arrived at the Zoo entering his new home

SCIENCE DOES A GREAT THING

A Blow at Disease

DOOM OF THE MALARIA MOSQUITO

From the Institute for Research in Paris, formed by the great French scientist, Pasteur, comes another gift to the world that looks very simple, but may be very great.

They have found out at the institute that a little formalin powder, sprinkled on water where malaria mosquitoes breed, will kill the larvae, so that there will not be any malaria mosquitoes.

If this simple remedy proves as effective as it is reported to be, the difference to the health of the world will be immense.

It has been possible to kill off these disease-carrying mosquitoes before, but only by pouring on the water oil which prevents the water being aerated, and so kills whatever lives in it, such as fishes. That is how Colonel Gorgas freed Panama from disease, and allowed the canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific to be dug.

The formalin is said to have all the advantages of oil without its drawbacks. Fish and plants will live where it is sprinkled, but mosquito larvae of the malaria-breeding kind will die; and if the water is needed for human use, the formalin can be filtered out of it.

This is the latest published discovery by the science that is revolutionising the health of the world.

AND SO THE WORLD GOES ROUND

The Day's Work of a King
NEWS FROM UGANDA

A scientist who has been studying the habits of the partly civilised people of Uganda gives a daily time-table of the doings of a black king who is also a priest or magic-worker for his people.

EARLY MORNING. The king goes to his bathroom and has his toes anointed. Then he walks forth to cleanse the land from any evil that may have gathered over it in the night. This he does by taking first a young black bull by the horns and praying with his forehead touching the bull's forehead, and then doing the same with a red bull.

BREAKFAST. Then the cows are milked, and the king drinks milk while everyone is still and quiet. To cough while the king drinks is to deserve death.

JUSTICE. The king then listens to complaints, decides disputes, and announces the law on any point. Afterwards he drives some cows to their pasture and blesses the herds.

AFTERNOON. About four he eats sacred beef. First, he gives one beat on each of nine drums. This tells the people that the king is about to eat. While he eats all crouch down and cover their faces. The cook puts four pieces of beef in his mouth with a fork. If he should touch a tooth with the fork, he would deserve death.

EVENING. The king again drinks milk, and then, by magic, guards the place from danger during the night.

Bunyoro is the name of the place where these daily ceremonies take place. The people are very clever in breeding and managing cattle.

CAT'S MORNING CALL

Waking Daddie

From Walthamstow comes an account of how a cat calls its master every morning.

My father has to get up at 4.30 a.m. Every morning, almost exactly at 4.10, Peggy mews and purrs very loudly at father's bedside, and continues till she is answered. Afterwards she accompanies Dad downstairs.

She always replies by mewing softly or purring when she is spoken to

LIFE WITHOUT MONEY EXPLORER AMONG ISLAND RACES

Treasures that Go Round the
Population

TWO STREAMS OF GOOD THINGS

A clever young Pole, Dr. B. Malinowski, who for four years has been studying the lives of uncivilised tribes in the islands off the Pacific coast of New Guinea, has now returned, and has been lecturing before the London School of Economics about his experiences.

Dr. Malinowski learned the language of the natives, and for two years lived in a tent among them at Kiriwina, in the Trobriand group of islands. There he found that their lives were organised under their chiefs and their experts in magic, so that in production of food, in housebuilding, in the storing of what they regard as wealth, and in travel and trading, they have invented a kind of communal life.

The people cultivate the ground, and the chief takes from 30 to 50 per cent. of the tribe's wealth. But it is stored partly for use in their various enterprises, such as voyages.

Passing On Beautiful Things

They have no money, and all trade is carried on by exchange. The giving and receiving of gifts is a most important part of the tribal life, and is associated with elaborate ceremonies. The practice is carried on round a circle of island groups 500 miles in circumference.

One of the specially interesting questions of geography has been how the tribes of the East Indian Archipelago have adventured across the great water-wastes of the Pacific, till almost every habitable speck of land rising from the ocean is inhabited. Their canoes are fragile, the compass is unknown, and adventurers are often at the mercy of storms. Dr. Malinowski has gained much knowledge on this subject.

The strangest part of his story is that relating to native wealth. Round a ring of island groups, it seems, a system of passing on admired things as temporary gifts is in constant operation.

Partners in Friendliness

The things most admired are armlets of fine shells and necklets of beautiful shell-discs, and they are kept circulating round and round the islands as gifts. The armlets go round the opposite way to the hands of a watch; and the necklets go round on their journeys the way that the hands of a watch move.

As these admired things pass round they are exchanged for each other, but not at once. A boat arriving with armlets in the direction armlets may travel will leave its armlets at the friendly islands at which it calls; but the understanding is that when the islanders who receive the armlets make their voyage in the opposite direction, they will leave with their friends from afar a gift of necklets of equal value.

The friends who thus trust each other to return gift for gift are linked by bonds of friendliness, the word for which is translated by Dr. Malinowski as "partner." They are partners in friendliness.

Possessions Held in Trust

So these gifts of goodwill and indebtedness keep circling round and round, never staying long with one person—at most not more than two years. Each receiver has many precious things from time to time, but not as his own, permanently.

Accompanying this circulation of the two opposite streams of gifts is the ordinary bartering of goods brought by the voyagers.

It is a strange practice of handing round beautiful things according to native ideas for admiration and temporary possession in trust, a practice which accompanies and stimulates ordinary trade, and is made interesting and exciting by travel and adventure.

WHAT DOES THE JAMBOREE MEAN? CHIEF SCOUT TO HIS COMRADES

The Great World Brotherhood
of Olympia

BOYS, PONIES, DOGS, TORTOISES, & LION CUBS

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

What about this Jamboree? What does it all mean?

Well, different people give different meanings to the word; but to us in the Boy Scout Movement it means a joyful coming-together of scouts from all over the world, to celebrate in their own scout fashion the conclusion of peace—to do honour to the memory of those thousands of scouts who fell in the war—and to mark, we hope, the beginning of a new age, an age of greater unselfishness and better understanding all round.

To this great rally, now proceeding at Olympia, we invited our brother scouts from other countries as well as from our own empire overseas, and for days they were simply pouring in—to take their places in the great camps prepared for them around London, and to show us what they can do in the scouting line.

Learning from Each Other

We shall all learn from each other, and every scout will keep his eyes open wide to pick up ideas from, as well as to see what he can do to help, his brother scouts from other countries.

And what a show it is!

Perhaps I ought to tell you, first, that Olympia is a vast glass-domed building in West Kensington. During the war it was used as a munition factory, but at ordinary times it is the scene of exhibitions of all sorts. The Victory Circus was held there; the Royal Tournament and the Horse Show take place there every year. But nothing quite like the Boy Scout Jamboree has ever happened before, so it will be worth going to see if you get the chance.

Boy scouts are funny creatures. They are not content with sitting still and learning things from books; they must be doing things all the time. They find that the quickest way to learn how to do a thing is to do it, not to read about it or talk about it, so that they have got plenty of things of their own making to show you at Olympia, from working models of steam engines and aeroplanes to toys and rugs, buttons and walking sticks.

What Scouts Do

Then, in one part of the building, is the Boy Scout Zoo. Kindness to animals is very important with scouts and guides; and pet animals as well as scouts have been invited to Olympia. The French boys have brought, among other pets, a tortoise and some pigeons. The South Africans have brought a lion cub; from Scotland come Highland cattle, ponies, dogs, and other friends.

But most interesting of all are the displays—showing what boy scouts actually do. There will be boxing and wrestling, dancing and physical training, chorus singing and whistling, sea scouting and wolf cub games, tribal displays—representing Red Indians, Zulus, and so on—band-playing, bugling, tug-of-war, obstacle races, jumping and climbing, and hosts of other things.

Then the scouts are showing how they are trained to deal with accidents—such as train collisions, aeroplane accidents,

Continued in the next column

THE THREE PLAGUES

League's Fight With
Typhus

COUNTRIES THAT MUST BE
MADE CLEAN

By Our Political Correspondent

War, famine, pestilence, a deadly trio, face the League of Nations.

The form of pestilence that is harassing the League is typhus, and a doctors' commission is studying it in Eastern Europe, as we have already announced, and is calling for help.

Typhus is a filthy disease, born in dirt and spread by lice. In the lands where it is worst, such as Galicia and Poland, nearly everyone is filthy. They have no soap for washing, and no spare clothes for a change.

Their clothing is so bad that it falls to pieces if it is disinfected; and the people are packed together in the houses that are left, for during the war 325,000 houses were destroyed in Poland and 438,000 in Galicia.

What the League of Nations wishes to do is to put a barrier of cleanliness



John Smith, the Hero of the Jamboree pageant, modelled by the Chief Scout

between the lands that are infected and the lands that are comparatively clean.

The loss from death is terrible, the suffering is bitter and widespread, and where the scourge passes people are left weak, hopeless, angry, and desperate.

What is needed is that all the nations should join hands, through the League, to stamp out the pestilence. Nothing but the means for being clean, and the wish to be clean, will do it. Whoever is dirty is an enemy of mankind. The death-rate of every nation is determined by its dirt. The League of Nations, fighting typhus, is carrying out the Bible precept—"Wash ye, make ye clean."

Continued from the previous column

shipwrecks, floods, earthquakes, and runaway horses. They are practising first aid and ambulance work, they are lighting their own fires and cooking their food, building huts and bridges, and setting up model camps.

All this and a great deal more they show in the great arena, and those coming to see, if they never knew it before, now know that scouting is something more than mere dressing up and carrying a pole.

But best of all to see is the cheery spirit of the scouts. They are making pals for life with other boys of other countries, and sowing the seed of friendship and brotherly good feeling instead of jealousy between the nations. The Scout Jamboree of 1920 may well mark the setting up of a real League of Nations, as the Children's Newspaper has suggested, for here are assembled boys talking many languages, but wearing the same uniform and carrying out the same promise and the same Scout Law.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

BENEFactor OF THE
BECHUANA PEOPLE

The Poet Who Puzzled Every-
body

BARBER'S FAMOUS SON

- Aug. 8. Robert Moffat, missionary, died at Leigh 1883
9. Isaac Walton born at Stafford 1593
10. French Revolution begins 1792
11. Joseph Nollekens, sculptor, born in London 1737
12. William Blake, poet-artist, died in London 1827
13. Jeremy Taylor died at Lisburn 1667
14. Richard Jefferies died at Goring 1887

Dr. Robert Moffat

ROBERT MOFFAT was a missionary who spent 54 years in South Africa, and changed, by his work and God's blessing, the life of the people of Bechuanaland.

He was a Scottish lad, born poor, and in his teens he came to England as a gardener, and fell in love with his master's daughter, Mary.

At the age of 20 he went out to Africa as a missionary, and three years later he married Mary Smith, who faithfully served with him.

When Dr. Livingstone became a missionary it was Moffat's example that fired his heart, and he went to Kuruman, where Moffat had done his christianising work, and there received his practical training. There, too, he married Moffat's daughter, Mary.

Moffat translated the Bible and other books into the language of Bechuanaland, and wrote of his labours and adventures in English. When old he came home, and was greatly honoured for his work and character. The gardener lad became, indeed, one of the world's great missionaries.

William Blake

WILLIAM BLAKE, a lovely poet and weird yet impressive painter, who thought himself a kind of prophet and was an undoubted man of genius—but a bit mad—has puzzled everybody who tried to understand him. His is a lovable character, but tantalising.

His father was a London hosier, and the boy became an engraver. He had visions all his life, and tried to interpret them in paintings. His best poetry was written when he was young. It is often about childhood, and is beautiful in its simplicity.

Later he wrote obscurely and painted in the same way. He was a dear, simple, unselfish fellow, and always poor, though he worked hard at his fancies. He put his heart into these lines:

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Jeremy Taylor

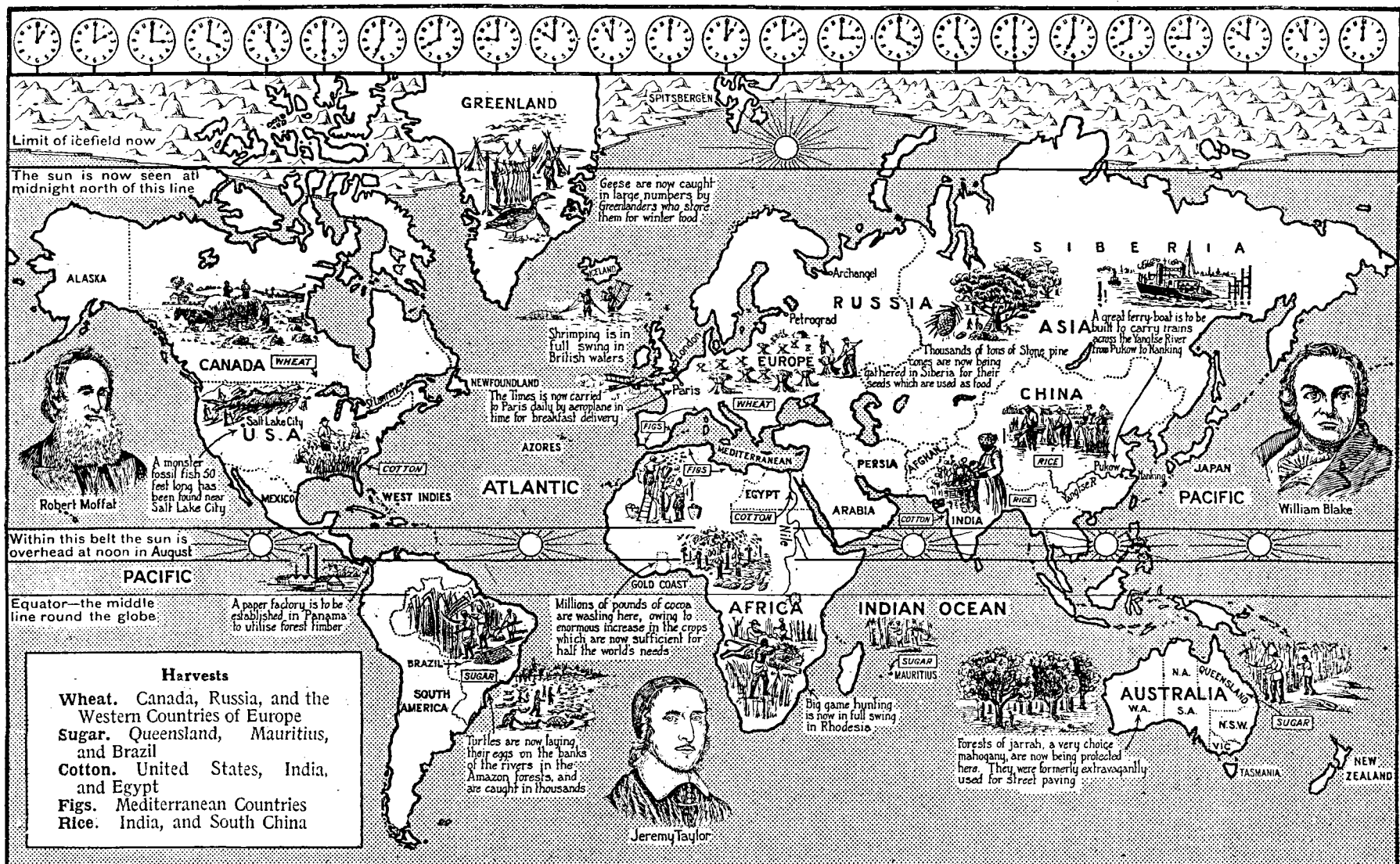
JEREMY TAYLOR was a clergyman who wrote religious books in such sweet and flowing English that they will always be read for their beauty.

His father was a Cambridge barber, and he was educated with honourable distinction in his native city, and then passed to Oxford.

In the Civil War with Charles I. he was a Royalist, and is said to have accompanied the Royal Army as a chaplain; and after the king's defeat he sought refuge in Wales, where he kept a school and wrote "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," and also his "Liberty of Prophesying," which was a defence of freedom of speech. After the Restoration he was made a bishop in Ireland and became Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University.

This gentle and eloquent man is held in lasting memory by his piety and his mellow expression of it, and he is often called "the Shakespeare of Divines."

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WHO IS RUINING THE KINEMA?

A Judge's Rebuke

Mr. Justice Darling will be thanked in the hearts of millions of people for his stern rebuke of the London film company which asked leave to take films of a trial for murder.

The judge described this application as monstrous and indecent, an attempt to make profit for show out of the misery and anguish of a man whose life is at stake. Such films would turn the solemn sentencing of a human being to the dreadful penalty of death into a piece of play-acting, for the amusement of millions in their hours of pleasure.

The judge's condemnation is not one atom too severe. The kinema may be a great power for good. It may cultivate in enormous concourses of people kind and generous impulses, or it may pander to the lowest and most vulgar feelings. It is just these callous feelings that the money-making use of the kinema is apparently prepared to foster.

There was a time when the theatre almost ruined itself by pandering to low tastes, and it has taken centuries partly to redeem its good name. Will the kinema follow the same downward path?

POVERTY MEETS THE KING

The Breast of Honour and the Empty Pocket

There are still 20,000 brave soldiers, whom we admired and loved when they held the line for all the world against tyranny, who remain out of work.

The next highest honour to the V.C. is the D.S.O., and it has been stated on the highest authority that one brave officer, summoned by the king to receive that splendid symbol of service, had to pawn his watch that he might be sufficiently well dressed to meet King George.

Could there be a more striking proof of the need for us to feel the duty of giving, in Peace time, a fair chance to men who won distinction in face of danger?

A ZEPPELIN COMES AGAIN

All Quiet

Another Zeppelin landed in England a week or two ago, coming down at Pulham, in Norfolk.

But her arrival created no alarm, for she was merely coming to surrender under the Peace Treaty, as a sister Zeppelin had done a little while before. How odd to think of these quiet comings of the Zeppelins, and of the excitement that prevailed when they arrived a few years ago!

The Germans have also just surrendered, under the Peace Treaty, 10,000 books for the Louvain library.

LITTLE SAMUEL

The Gallant Boy of Taunton

One of our readers in a village near Taunton sends an account of a boy's fine deed at the Taunton circus fire, in which four people were killed.

She says that Samuel Vandell, aged 12, of Bishop's Lydeard, took his younger sister to see the circus.

When the fire burst out Samuel took his sister from the burning tent; then returned and fetched out three boys and a baby. Outside he saw a woman with a baby, and her blouse was in flames. He took the baby, and beat out the flames.

Our correspondent ends: "The school-master gave him five shillings next day. I think he deserved it. Don't you?"

Indeed we do; and we gladly make his bold work known to the world.

THE DULWICH GUNS

War Office and the Playground

The newspapers having looked into the matter, the War Office has now removed the twelve guns that have been standing in a Dulwich playground, in charge of six men, since the armistice.

Apparently they had been forgotten, and everybody is delighted that the War Office should be reminded that the armistice was signed the year before last.

VANGUARDS OF THEIR RACE

Indian Speaks in the House of Lords

It is a long way to the House of Lords for any private person's journeying. It is a longer way for a man who is not of European or Jewish blood.

One Indian has made the journey, all honour to him! This is Lord Sinha, the present Under-Secretary for India.

Not only is Lord Sinha the first Indian to be a lord sitting in the British legislature at Westminster, but he was the first man of his race to serve his country on the Viceroy's Council in India.

It is significant of the advance made in welding into one the people of all-races who make up the British Empire that when Lord Sinha rose in the House of Lords to speak on the case of General Dyer, for the first time a native Indian journalist sat in the Press Gallery.

These Indians, on the floor and in the Gallery of the House, are the vanguard of a race that numbers 300 millions.

101 AND NOT AFRAID

Oldest Woman Who Ever Flew

Many people shirk flying who do not admit it. They feel safer on the solid earth. But old Mrs. Sissons, of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, aged 101, is not one of them.

Born before railways, she has lived to fly and has enjoyed the aeroplane. She even regretted that the pilot who took her up did not loop the loop, and she actually went up a second time, taking with her a young friend of 84.

One of the greatest achievements of the last century has been the lengthening of life. But not only has life become longer; it has actually become busier through its later years, partly because people feel they need not be old so soon.

Mrs. Sissons, who has air-trips at 101, is a fine example of this fine, persistent spirit, and makes everybody indebted to her by showing what can be done.

OTTERBURN FOR SALE

Right of Might and Right of Right TWO LAMMAS TIDES

Most boys and girls know the famous ballad of Otterburn, which records the stirring deeds of border warfare in the days when might was right.

It was in 1388 that Sir Harry Percy, known in history as Hotspur, pursued a party of Scottish raiders under the Earl of Douglas, and defeated them after a fierce battle near Otterburn Castle.

It fell about the Lammas-tide,

When husbands win their hay,
 The doughty Douglas bound him to ride

Into England to take a prey.

And now once again about Lammas-tide, 532 years after the famous fight, the Otterburn estate is in the public mind; but this time it is not a battle that is making the stir, but a sale. How the Hotspurs and the Douglasses would have been scandalised to know that these historic border lands, the scenes of many daring exploits, were to be put up to auction and sold like the goods of any huckstering pedlar or merchant, the class of all others whom they despised!

For the Hotspurs and the Douglasses knew of no law but that of force. As the poet puts it:

The good old rule
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
 That they should take who have
 the power,
 And they should keep who can.

Lammas means loaf mass, and was the name given to the harvest festival held on August 1 by the Anglo-Saxons.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A shorthorn bull	£12,000
Seven vases of Chelsea china	£6510
An engraving by J. Jones	£440
A Union Jack from Jerusalem	£215
A small tear-glass of 1753	£5

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 7 1920

Poor White Blackbird

Many readers write to us concerning the superstition that birds of unusual colours bring bad luck.

BEHIND all these silly superstitions about good luck and bad luck there is a long, long story that everyone should understand.

Poor, persecuted white blackbird, how could it control the ways of the world, and bring evil into our lives? The only evil following it is the cruelty of men who would hunt it down because it is something strange.

One of the greatest blessings that comes to mankind through the spread of knowledge and clear thinking is that horrid fears are driven away. Backward races are terribly frightened at things that are not there and do not exist, or that are strange, and each one of us ought to be thankful that we have been born into this beautiful world, so full of things delightful to know and feel, at a time when the human race is not overshadowed by haunting fears.

Early men lived in terror lest they should be hurt by they knew not what. They fancied bad spirits lurked everywhere, and would hurt them if they could, whereas they were being hurt really by their own ignorance.

They were like the small child that burns itself and fears the fire, or falls and then beats the naughty ground for bumping it. We know the fire and the ground are not our enemies. We know the earth surrounds us with possible friends. Early man felt himself hemmed in by a multitude of enemies, and so was harassed by vague fears.

To have escaped these fears by knowledge is one of our greatest blessings. Now we hardly ever know what terror is. But some people seem to have inherited the old unreasoning fears. They know the fears are groundless, yet they feel them a little. Sometimes they even cherish them, and play with them, and appear proud of remnants of foolish terror echoing in themselves from barbarous ages. They are superstitious.

Yet superstition has a most hideous history, which every one of us should view with abhorrence. It is linked, through all time, with cruelty, deceit, and terrible wrong. Witches, omens, ghosts, fortune-telling, the evil eye, and charms have frightened multitudes out of such small wits as they had, and have led to incredible cruelties, though they are but fancies lingering from ages of ignorance.

Truth and knowledge are like the cheerful light, which banishes the lurking shadows of ignorance, fear, and cruelty; and all who are wise, and wish to be good, will be ashamed to belong to the superstitious, who borrow bad fancies from an ignorant past.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



You and the World

PERHAPS you have not realised how much you are in touch with all the world each day. This is a picture we found the other day among the newspaper advertisements.

You washed this morning with soap made from something produced by West Africans or South Sea Islanders. Your cup of tea was made by Indian, Cingalee, or Chinese girls. The rice for your pudding was planted by brown men and women, wading in mud. You wear the cotton grown by negroes in Africa or America. A kaffir mined your gold. Coffee or cocoa, sugar and rubber, a banana or an orange, our food and our fabrics link us up with every race in Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea. We use them all, and need them all.

It is a thought that we gladly send out into the world once more, in the hope that it will help on sympathy with all those missionary movements that bear the banner of Christianity and civilisation in dark lands, and are now in such dire need of help.



Wilbur Wright reaching up to the Heavens

The striking and vigorous figure of the hero of human flight, which has just been unveiled at Le Mans, where the Wright Brothers began their experiments in Europe.

The Char-à-banc

THERE has been much discussion in the papers and on county councils about the char-à-banc, the huge motor vehicle which is giving so many thousands of people jolly days in the country now.

Everybody wishes them well if they will behave themselves, but the char-à-banc is becoming a public danger by filling our narrow country lanes and making it difficult for other things to pass. It will sometimes happen that a car is kept behind a char-à-banc for miles because its driver cannot hear the horn and its occupants are not inclined to tell him.

Many suggestions have been made, but we do not remember to have seen the most effective of all, and we present it here to the authorities. It is that no licence should be given to these great vehicles unless they carry a conductor at the back with a bell to warn the driver to keep to his proper side.

The day will come when the savage wolf seeing the lamb in his lair shall not wish to harm it. THEOCRITUS

Where Will They Be?

IT seems that somebody has been saying that the world will last a million years longer. We hope it will last longer still, but where will prices have got to then? We wonder.

The Twopenny Post

WHO is not annoyed by the twopenny stamp on letters? It is said that people are sending fewer letters, and that the total gain from this great inconvenience to the public would just about pay for the red coats with which Mr. Churchill hopes to make our army look pretty.

Personally, we prefer khaki and a penny post.

Tip-Cat

MANY people have failed to get Mars to answer. We suggest they should try Gerrard or Central.

A SWEETLY solemn thought: the price of sugar.

THE Kaiser is said to be a poor man. Evidently the wood-cutters in Holland are not well organised.

AMERICAN query: Was it to make this the last war or to make this one last?

MR. WALTER LONG thinks the United Kingdom is breaking up. Every schoolboy knows that.

A FAMINE in buttons is predicted, and before long we shall all be in a button hole.

A MAN described as a rat-catcher insisted that he was a rat-exterminator, and added, "I demand my title." Well, many have had one for less.

A SERVANT girl and a thousand pounds disappeared from a house the same day. Probably her pay-day.

THE best way to save daylight is to use it.

IT wasn't a millionaire's war but it is very like a millionaire's peace.

THE Socialist candidate for the American Presidency is in prison. Nobody can say he has no convictions.

ACCORDING to a rear-admiral, "tea-tasters used to be great swells." After they had done tasting, of course.

Do You Like Bad Weather?

SOME people do. It is said that tobacco-dealers like it because people smoke more when indoors. It is said that chemists like it because it gives people colds, and they have to buy medicine. We know the umbrella shops like it because it makes trade good for them.

We will give a guinea for the best list of people who like bad weather, and the reasons why.

Fame Enough

"I am sitting at breakfast, thinking to myself how it was fame enough to have written but one song which should in after days solace the sailor at the wheel or the soldier in foreign places, and be taken up into the life of England!"—Letter of Edward FitzGerald

WHEN brooding Death has touched me, and my bed Has been dug in the grass, How proudly shall I lie if o'er my head

I should hear pass The feet of England on her mighty way, And her lips singing there my song of yesterday!

How richly shall I lie, and my heart feel

No longer lone and sad, If some old English sailor at the wheel,

Or soldier lad, Far from his home in foreign lands, should sigh

Those words of mine upon the winds that rustle by!

AH, fame enough in these fierce days of strife

To sing one gentle song, Which England might take up into her life

And bear along, For solace up the steep where she must climb,

Bearing the Cross of Duty to the end of Time. H. B.

The Laughing Children of the Champs Elysées

By Our Country Girl in Paris

WORKING men send delegates from one country to another to study the wages, the conditions of work, and the housing of their foreign brothers. Is it not high time children sent delegates to study children's lives in different lands?

One of the first improvements we should adopt from France would be that little corner of the Champs Elysées in Paris which is almost like a fair.

Fancy, Master Bull, an alley in a London park where there is always a roundabout, with painted cats, dogs, and cock-a-doodle-does to ride as well as horses. And fancy, too, the smartest little goat carriages of all designs.

Then there is "Guignol." He is a French Punch, but is far funnier than ours; he makes really witty remarks as he beats the gendarme. Before his stand are arranged rows of tiny benches, just big enough for an audience of dwarfs.

When they are filled with baby Parisians there is a twittering like birds from the enclosure: everyone whispers, wondering how Guignol will appear. Of course, he jumps up with a crow which frightens everyone off their benches.

But soon the avenue is ringing with gurgling laughter: I don't know why it should be so funny to see someone spanked, but it is. When you come to think of it, not only in a Punch and Judy show, but in a pantomime, half the fun is in the spanking of someone, with a stick, or a poker, or a string of sausages. Are children really so disagreeable that nothing else will make them laugh? or are grown-up people so stupid that they can't think of a new joke?

Anyhow, the laughter of the small people in the Champs Elysées is altogether too much like the conversations of swallows under the eaves on a sunny morning to be at all disagreeable.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
If a boy who gives
his word can keep it

FRAGMENTS FROM THE OCEAN

THE SEA GIVES UP TWO THRILLING THINGS

Pathetic Memory of the Lusitania

HOW THE BARNACLES CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

Two thrilling fragments have been yielded up by the ocean waves—a life-belt and a little piece of wood. Behind each lies a tale.

The lifebelt has been found in Delaware River, in the United States, covered with slime and seaweed, and with a lock of hair entangled in it. On the belt was the tragic name Lusitania.

No words are wanted to picture what has happened since that day, now five years ago, when, by the Kaiser's orders, the Lusitania was sent to the bottom of the sea. Whose was this lock of blonde hair, the last relic of some girl or woman vainly struggling to save herself from an ocean grave? The belt she must have let go was found 3000 miles from where the Lusitania went down, and it seems to have been driven by storms until it reached the Gulf Stream, so that the slime and weed that covered it may have come from the edge of the Sargasso Sea.

The other relic, thrilling enough to come into any museum of natural history, is happily less tragic.

The Barnacles

A piece of wood three feet long cast by the sea on the coast would not excite many people, but it is a yard of wood tossed up by the waves which has proved the most interesting visitor to the Isle of Wight this season. The fragment is an oceanic barque which, though at a different pace, has crossed the Atlantic as sturdily as the swift Olympic.

It brings a cargo of passengers, yet, like the spectral Flying Dutchman, it has no live man aboard it; like Coleridge's painted ship upon a painted ocean, it has moved without the aid of steam or steersman. For its passengers are all barnacles!

Now, the exciting thing about these barnacles is that they are foreigners, born only in the Gulf of Mexico. Making a landing on a little English island, they are as true invaders as the Vikings among men, and the American slipper limpets which have come over and done enormous damage to our oysters.

New World to the Old

They boarded their three-foot barque in the heated waters of the Gulf, and, reversing the rôle of Columbus, they have sailed east to a land they did not seek, instead of west to a world unknown. Their voyage is another proof of the splendid romance at which few of us guess, that the New World is always sending missionaries and munitions to the Old. Birds, seeds, trees, sea-life—they all come eastward ho! borne on the waves and impelled in part by currents, in part by winds prevailing from the west.

Hot water, like hot air, rises, and a current of warm water flows on the top of a depth of cold water. Water heated along the equatorial belt flows into the Caribbean Sea, heaps up in the Gulf of Mexico, and issues from the Florida Strait as a great warm ocean river, 50 miles broad, 2000 feet deep, with a

Continued in the next column

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Corporation of East Ham is building 12 houses, and has already had 2500 applications for them.

A Scout's Long Journey

A Boy Scout who has come from Honolulu for the Jamboree at Olympia will have travelled 20,000 miles when he gets home again.

A King in the Way

The City Corporation is thinking of moving the statue of King William, which is in the way where Cannon Street joins Eastcheap. It weighs 20 tons.

Wardrobe of Thomas Atkins

During the war over 60 million pairs of boots, 160 million pairs of socks, and between five and six million pairs of gloves were ordered for the British Army.

Saving 300,000 Seconds

A great time-saving scheme is being tried this year at Victoria Station in London, and it is calculated that already it has saved over 300,000 seconds in getting trains away. During the rush hours the saving is half an hour a day.

A miner in Nottingham has lately walked into a bank with a bag containing £750 in gold to invest in Housing Bonds.

A Boy's Play

A boy of 20, Mr. Noel Coward, has had a play produced at a London theatre. He took one of the less important characters himself.

Boy Scouts not Military

The War Office declined to help the Jamboree at Olympia because the Boy Scouts refuse to be recognised as a military body. We are glad to hear it.

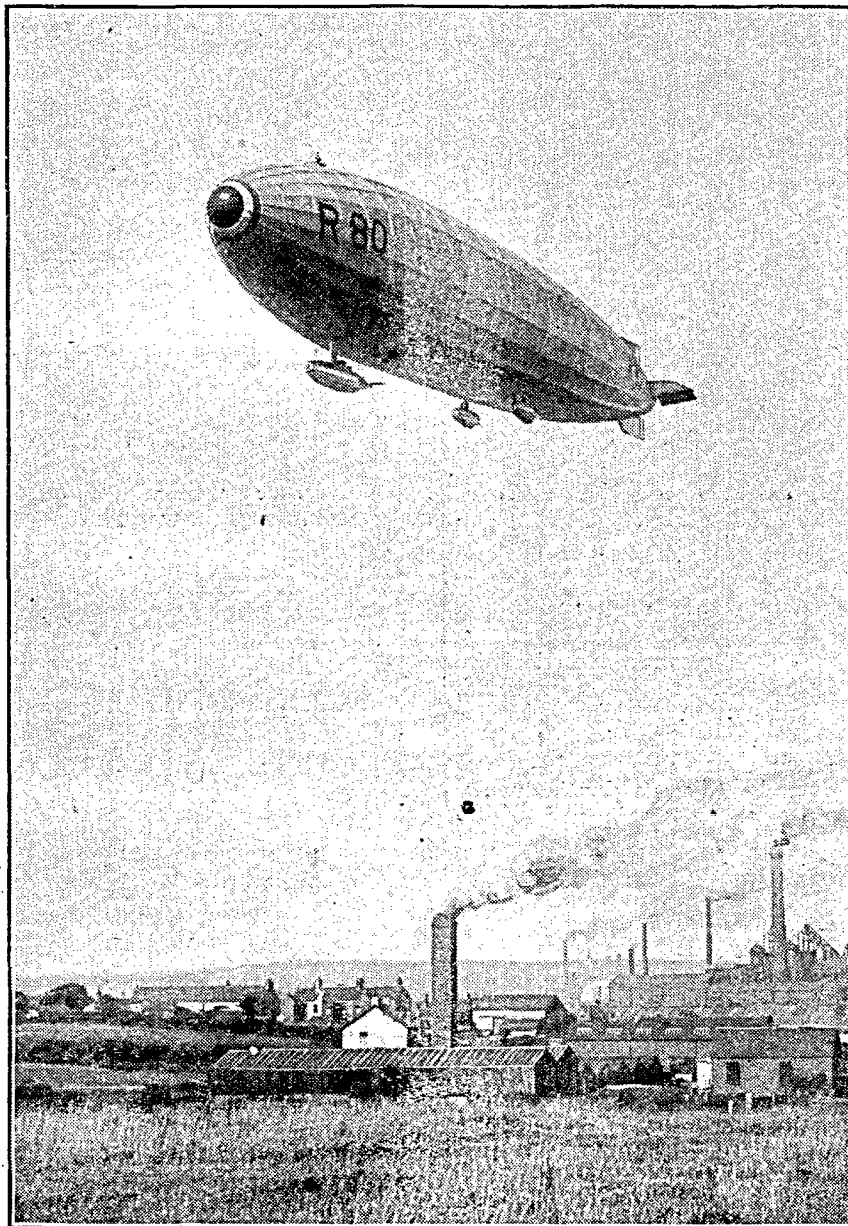
His 18 Children

"He is always anxious to earn a shilling to support his 18 children," somebody said of a man the other day at Bow County Court. We are afraid his shillings will not go very far.

The War That Does not Stop

Somebody pointed out, in connection with the campaign against consumption, that Germany and her allies destroyed in one year of war only as many lives as consumption destroys in just over two ordinary years.

THE LITTLE MAN IN THE SKY



The dot on the top of this great airship is a man. The vessel is the new British airship, R 80, flying over Barrow. Though not as large as the R 34 that crossed the Atlantic, it can travel much farther and faster than that vessel

Continued from the previous column

temperature of 81 degrees, and flowing 120 miles a day. It sets out in the Atlantic joined by a second warm current, but widening, cooling, slowing.

One portion of the current influences the west of Britain, without touching it; and floating objects caught by the warm flow are ferried over the Atlantic, and brought to us by tides and winds.

So constant is it that for ages the forests of America fed the home fires of the Scottish Isles. Logs which had crossed the ocean in this way were the only fuel our northern islanders had

long before and long after Columbus had discovered the origin of the supply. And the same strange natural agency which brought warmth to Orkney and Shetland hearths long ago brought this cargo of barnacles to the Isle of Wight.

The interest of the find today resides in the fact that naturalists, knowing this species of barnacles, are able to say whence they have come. In an earlier day the islanders would have been invited to see a collection of young geese adhering to this piece of wood. For 800 years scientists believed that geese arose from barnacles!

FIRES THAT DO NOT GO OUT

HIDDEN TERRORS OF THE UNDERWORLD

Coal Mines Consumed by the Flames that Cannot be Stopped WALLS 300 FEET THICK

When the members of a Government inquiry in London were informed the other day that we have as many as 70 and 80 fires in coal mines in the course of a year, many people were startled; but when they were told that a fire in a South Staffordshire mine lasted for 20 years and finally caused the closing of the pit, there was positive amazement. But this was merely a re-telling of a story that we have told before.

Mine fires, once they take deep hold of a seam of coal, seem almost extinguishable. There is a fire in a French mine at Aveyron which goes on from year to year, throwing up smoke and steam and flame, so that it is known as the Burning Mountain of Montet. But long before that we had, and still have, our Burning Hills of Dailly, Ayrshire. The Burning Hills, as they are called, are an old mine whose subterranean fires were started when Napoleon was a prisoner in St. Helena, and they have been burning ever since. The fire, sending deadly fumes into an adjoining pit, caused the death of two men last year.

Fire Under the Streets

The most terrible mining disaster of recent years was that in which 88 men were killed by explosions in the Cadeby Main Colliery, near Doncaster. For more years than can be exactly stated fire has been slowly eating its way along part of one of the Cadeby seams, and one night in 1913 certain operations led to the closing of the exit from the fire area. There was an escape of gas from the coal in a confined space; the gas became ignited and exploded, and hundreds of homes echoed to the sorrow of mourning relations.

There are towns on fire in their nethermost foundations. Dudley is one. Beneath it lies one of these slow-moving conflagrations, sullenly glowing and eating away at hidden coal. Less than three years ago the unseen demon of destruction revealed its presence in the streets and houses above.

English Town Gassed

As had happened 30 years earlier, a deadly gas from the burning mine forced its way upward through unsuspected crevices in roads and foundations, filling factories and houses with the vapour of death, reducing many people to unconsciousness, and causing an exodus of residents from the "gassed" area.

Not long before that the end walls of a hospital at Bucknall, North Staffordshire, collapsed, their foundations devoured by fire in a seam of coal which was found to be red-hot for a depth of 16 feet beneath the hospital boiler-house. At Darlaston, in the same county, a church met with a similar fate from a similar cause, while in the same neighbourhood so intense was the subterranean heat that stones were found red-hot a few inches down.

River Meets the Fire

Of course, these fires, of which the public hears nothing, are known to the miners and to expert engineers charged with their oversight; but with the closest care disaster comes from time to time. The Whitwick explosion in Leicestershire, in which 35 lives were lost, occurred in a mine which had been on fire for a quarter of a century.

The Tawd Valley fire had lasted 26 years when a storm-gorged river broke in and flooded the fire and the whole mine. That fire had been built round with masonry year after year, so that the walls were finally 300 feet thick; yet, despite all, it maintained its slow, undying progress until its only master, a river of water, plunged 1500 feet down and found it.

A Picture-History of Talking Through Space



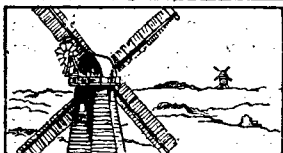
The earliest men, no doubt, signalled to their distant friends by a hand wave



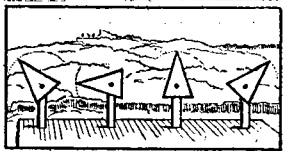
After the discovery of fire, messages were signalled by smoke from fires made of green wood



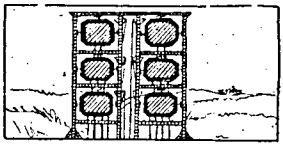
Right down to the 17th century beacon fires were used for signalling



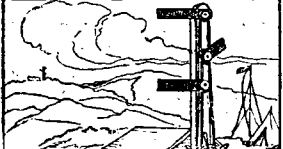
The father of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, experimented with windmill sails 1767



Mr. Edgeworth then experimented with four triangular signs 1770



An arrangement something like a huge Venetian blind was next used 1790



The French invented a kind of semaphore, and messages were sent across the Irish Sea 1794



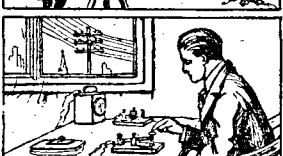
Circular discs of wicker were next used for long-distance signalling, just as flags are now 1805



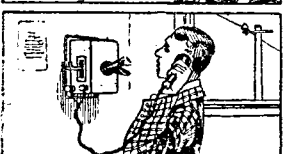
Red Indians gave the idea for the heliograph, though the principle was used earlier 1870



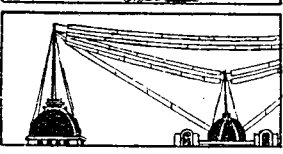
The modern heliograph was invented by Mr. H. Mance, and was used by the military 1875



The forerunner of the electric telegraph shown here was the five-needle telegraph 1835



The telephone by which long-distance messages can be spoken was invented by Dr. Bell 1876



Practical wireless telegraph was invented by Marconi, the Italian scientist 1897



The wireless telephone is the latest development of long-distance signalling 1917

These pictures show the steps by which the wireless telephone has come to us from the most primitive method of signalling used by man

Poor Science that Makes Men Rich WILL THE MILLIONAIRES PAY HER BACK?

Noble Gift of a Fortune to the Quiet Men Who Find Out Nature's Secrets

WHY NOT A TAX ON INDUSTRY FOR THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE?

Science primed the weapons with which we struck at the heart of war, clove our way to peace, and secured the right to the peaceful possession of our hearths and homes. Now what is the country going to do for science? One splendid answer comes from Messrs. Brunner, Mond & Co., the manufacturers of chemicals; they have rendered a thank-offering of £100,000 to be used in furthering scientific research in the country.

That is the sort of voluntary taxation of capital we need to enable us to maintain our place in the forefront of scientific nations. If industry will make some small return of this kind for the high-heaped riches it wins from science, it will be possible for discoveries to be followed up, new horizons explored, and new harvests reaped. Professor Huxley used to say, "Science does everything but pay," and it is true of the scientist, whose reward is often poverty compared with the riches of the business man. He starves, or at best leads a life of anxiety, while pursuing studies which may double the riches of an industry.

Huge Wealth in Coal Tar

One of the indispensables of life is the electric lamp. There never could have been an electric lamp had not Sir William Crookes invented his vacuum tube; there could have been no electric battery in the world had not Volta invented his voltaic pile; no dynamo but for Faraday's discovery of the current induced in a wire by a revolving magnet.

The entire gigantic electrical industry, one of the richest in the world, takes its rise from the efforts of a few ill-rewarded scientists. Does the rich electrician never think of his benefactors and send a contribution to the schools and colleges in which new Faradays and Davys are growing up?

What was the chief single source of Germany's revenues during the years in which she was building up the war? Synthetic dyes. They returned her £300,000,000 a year—new money from a new industry. The discovery was made by an Englishman, Sir William Perkin, who discovered the first coal-tar dye when seeking for coal-tar quinone. Now coal-tar yields more substances precious to commerce, to health and life, than any other substance. But the subject was scientific; there was no money for science here, and so Germany seized upon the discovery, and we know the rest.

West Enriches the East

Do the men rolling in wealth from rubber grown in the East ever send a contribution to Kew for bringing the first rubber seeds from the West? Rubber culture in the East is one of the great triumphs of scientific botany, one of the romances of high adventure. Science, not trade, founded that now indispensable industry.

So with oil, for which all the world is now struggling—introduced to commerce, not by merchants or explorers, but by a single great scientist, the first Lord Playfair. We used to endow the posterity of our soldiers and sailors;

do the oil people, with the wealth of thousands of millions, remember their pioneer?

Who made Australia a rich gold-field? Nature. Who revealed Nature's secret? Not a picturesque digger with his belt full of pistols, but a quiet, unassuming geologist, Sir Roger Murchison. He saw gold extracted from the Ural Mountains, and then, going to Australia, he realised that her mountain formation was similar to the Russian ore-bearing rocks. "There is gold in the Blue Mountains," he said. A man went and found the gold, and Australia has been producing £80,000,000 and more a year from the precious metal whose existence was predicted by the quiet man with a laboratory full of bits of stone.

Free Gift to the World

Who can measure the value of radium, another free gift of science to the world? We might have had it a generation ago if Faraday's hints as to radial matter had been followed up, but there was "no money for science." Sheffield, world-famed for steel, founds her fortunes not so much upon the labours of her splendid artisans as upon the quiet studies of chemists, who have learned how to take out of the crude ore unknown quantities of impurities and to substitute known quantities of alloys to make steel such as the world has never seen before. Does even Sheffield, foremost among our public-spirited cities, do enough for science?

Professor Tyndall divided the sons of science into three classes:

1. Those investigators of natural truth whose vocation it is to pursue that truth, and extend the field of discovery for its own sake without reference to utility.
2. Those who diffuse this knowledge.
3. Those who apply these principles and truths to make them available to the needs, the comforts, or the luxuries of life.

Surely the first two classes, who now work for small praise and less payment, deserve more reward from the third class to whom go all the profits?

Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co. have given the right answer, and we cannot keep abreast of the world unless their great example is widely followed.

Every penny given to the League of Nations is a penny to relieve taxation and promote happiness; and every penny given to science is like a seed sown in the field of national wealth. Could we not have a knowledge tax on industry—say a pound for every thousand of its profits?

THE OLD ARMCHAIR Owl Solves Its Housing Problem

In the grounds of a convent is an old brick tool house, where the gardener stores some furniture in preparation for the day when he can get a house.

In going to fetch some tools a sister found herself gravely scrutinised by a sleepy but dignified owl, who was sitting in the gardener's armchair.

The wise old bird had taken advantage of the gardener's warehousing. He might not be able to get a house, but she had found one in which to rear her family cosily.

ADVENTURES OF A PICTURE

BELGIUM'S GIFT TO ITALY

Painting that Recalls Glorious Memories

TREASURES THAT OUTLIVE THEIR AGE

Not many days in a year pass without pictures passing along the railways, unhonoured and unsung. But there is one now travelling across Europe, if it has not already arrived, which stirs the imagination profoundly.

Belgium is righting an injury to Italy a century old. She is sending back a great painting, painted more than 300 years ago, and stolen by the victorious Napoleon in 1811.

The painting, which represents "Juno pouring out her treasures on Venice," formed part of the ceiling of the Hall of the Council of Ten in the Doge's Palace at Venice, and was one of the finest works of Paul Veronese.

It remained in position, a work of glorious light and colouring, for over 200 years, and was then carried off to Paris by Napoleon, who sent it to Brussels, where it has since remained. Now it goes back to the scenes of its master's triumphs, and its return sets us thinking.

Fate of the World Decided

The much-travelled picture was among the last of the works of Veronese, whose life ended in 1588. It was a year in which the fate of the world for the next three centuries was to be decided. It was Armada year! Veronese died, and Tintoretto had but five years to live. With the death of these two men Italy's world-mastery of art perished; her majestic possession of Great Masters ended, like a tale that is told.

Shakespeare, in Armada year, was probably a homeless ostler youth in London, with nothing written. Cervantes had not yet been cast into the Spanish gaol in which he began to write Don Quixote. The great painters faded out of the life of the world; the writers claimed the vacant thrones. England, saved from Spain in Veronese's death year, gave the world Shakespeare; and defeated Spain persecuted Cervantes into labours which made him immortal and her own literature glorious.

Masterpieces of All Time

Now does this great picture of that age come home again. So do painting and sculpture outlive their age—even the nations by which they were created.

London is a mausoleum of dead grand-deurs. On the Embankment, scarred by a German bomb, stands Cleopatra's Needle, an obelisk in whose shadow Moses played as a child, which Caesar saw in Egypt, which Napoleon probably saw in the same situation. In our museums are masterpieces in marble and granite, not only from classical Greece and Rome, but from Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria; sculptures wrought for mighty beings who stride at the head of teeming armies through the pages of the Bible. Their works have perished, their bones are dust, but the works made for them by men whose names will never be known are here in England.

What Artists Owe to Cromwell

And, pricked by the needles of the tapestry-makers of Arras as they traced the designs, here in London are the very designs on stiff paper, in chalk and distemper, drawn by Raphael for the tapestries of the Vatican. Our Puritans destroyed many works of art, but the chief of them all, Cromwell, wisely bought these cartoons for the nation, paying £300 for them, and for 200 years they have been the school, these old brown paper sketches, to which our artists have gone for instruction.

A story of the rise and fall of empires, of the ascent and decline of art, could be written round the precious objects which, like this picture by Paul Veronese, have, at the instance of conqueror or purchaser, gone upon their travels.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Robin's Song Now Heard BEETLE THAT HELPS THE FARMER

From Our Country Correspondent

August 8. That interesting little beetle, the devil's coach-horse, or cock-tail beetle, is now quite common, having just come out of the pupa stage. It imitates the scorpion if touched, and curls up its tail suddenly as though it were going to sting, but it is quite harmless. The creature is absolutely fearless in attacking other insects, and devours so many harmful pests that it is a true friend of the farmer and gardener.

August 9. The goldfinch's song is not a very great performance, but his note is always cheerful and pleasing. We shall not hear it much longer, however, for it is gradually ceasing. The male and female birds are very much alike.

August 10. Among the most striking of the berries to be seen at the present time are those of the snowberry plant, which are pure white and at a distance look almost like tufts of swansdown stuck about on the hedge. The plant is not a native British plant, although it is often found growing wild. In such cases it is probably an escape from a garden.

August 11. The house-martin is a familiar little bird because it builds its nest under the eaves of our roofs and is always flying about round our windows. Just now the young birds belonging to the second brood are fledged, and are very much in evidence. The house-martin is distinguished from the swallow by the white patch on its back and its white feathers from chin to tail.

August 12. The swallows and martins are now beginning to congregate, and we see them in hundreds on the telegraph wires. This is preliminary to their flight to southern lands, but it will be some time yet before they set off.

August 13. If some of the birds that have delighted us with their songs are just becoming silent, the robin, our most popular feathered friend, is trying to make up for the loss by re-starting its own song. During the summer its notes were lost in the general chorus, and then it stopped for a time, but we are all the more glad to hear it again now.

August 14. Now is the time to begin making a collection of feathers, for many single specimens are to be found lying about. The explanation is that many of the birds are moulting, and in collecting we are not doing any creature harm.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Winds of August



This map shows the direction of the prevailing winds in the United Kingdom during August.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Cut down the stems of artichokes as the crop is gathered. Make the principal autumn sowing of cabbage now.

Herbs for drying should be cut on a dry day before the flowers expand, and laid in a dry, airy, shaded place. Violets for flowering in frames during winter need waterings with liquid manure.

Gather lavender and everlasting flowers wanted for indoor use. Pay attention to staking and tying all tall-growing plants.

LAZY BOYS PLEASE NOTE

Why Not Keep a Snail Farm? HALF A MILLION ON AN ACRE OF LAND

By Our Country Girl on the Continent

Oyez, oyez! The Children's Newspaper is able to announce that it has found a trade for the laziest boy at school.

Is not the Dislike of Work, one of the burning topics of the day, a subject cruelly misunderstood by fathers, guardians, uncles, and headmasters?

For months a Special Correspondent has been investigating the matter on the Continent, and we are now able to announce the result of these researches.

If you have made up your mind that you can't work, and dislike dogs too much for tramping, you need simply say to your friends, "I am going to emigrate and be a farmer."

The Perfect Profession

What! shout a hundred disappointed voices, do you call a farmer's a lazy life? The wretched man has to get up in the dew of the dawn, he has to—Gently, sirs; the farmer I speak of neither milks cows, harnesses horses, ploughs fields, weeds young crops, nor collects eggs. In short, I refer to the snail farmer.

Is it not the perfect profession for the lounge? No houses to clean, no hay to chop, no water to carry! You simply sit with your hands in your pockets all day, and get 7s. 6d. a thousand snails for doing it. You can keep about 500,000 of these profitable creatures on a mere acre of land.

These French snail farms are matters of fact. The best kind of snail is the Burgundian, which lives on the vines. It is starved two days before it comes to table, then boiled, cleaned, stuffed with herbs and bread, and baked with delicious result—they say.

Too Much of a Good Thing

One of the nicest women I know told me that she unfortunately spoilt her taste for snails by eating sixty straight off when she was little.

"My father was a sailor," she said, as if she were going to add, "and so I was a snailier." But what she went on to say was that sailors have a special way of cooking the beasts. "When they are out for long periods, and food runs short, they are glad of the snails. Well, my father prepared us a dish. Oh, how good it smelt! I ate and ate till I could eat no more. Once you have eaten too much of a good thing it turns you against it."

Sixty snails! I feel convinced that it would only take one to turn you against them. Yet Paris, they say, consumes fifty tons of snails a day.

FAITHFUL MOUSE

How He Came Home Again

An Irish reader sends the following account of the determined friendliness of a pet mouse.

My sister, brother, and I had three pet mice, my brother's being named Jeff. My mouse Jimmy was very tame and never escaped, but the other two escaped from their cage so often that at last we gave all three away to a friend who lives 50 yards from us, across a small field.

Five times Jeff escaped and came back to our kitchen, till we had not the heart to part with him again. He had to escape from our friend's house, cross a garden wall, a field, and our garden wall, and then find his way into our house.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Where Do Flies Come From?

From manure heaps, from refuse of all sorts, from dust-bins which contain animal or vegetable matter, from every centre of uncleanness. The eggs are deposited there, hatch into grubs, which enter a pupa stage and issue as flies.

Do Sharks Follow a Ship with a Dead Man on Board?

Sharks, when they follow ships, do so to eat the garbage thrown overboard; perhaps, also, in the hope that someone may fall from the vessel into the sea. That the presence of a dead body on the ship is a lure for sharks is a fable.

What Does a Newt Live On?

After passing through its tadpole stage the newt lives in damp places on land and finds its food, as the frog does, in worms, insects, and other small life-forms. It is entirely carnivorous, and a good friend to man. No records show how long it can live, but its days are many in the absence of danger.

How Can Flies Walk on the Ceiling?

Their feet are furnished with little sucker-discs, which stick to a surface, at the will of the fly, as a damp piece of leather, tied to a string, sticks to the object to which it is firmly pressed. Certain lizards can cross a ceiling head downwards or run up a window-pane quite as easily as a fly.

Does a Cuckoo Return to its Birthplace?

There is no reliable evidence on this point. The marking of birds for the purpose of identification is yet in its infancy. A cuckoo cannot return to the actual nest in which it was hatched, but the female is believed to lay her eggs in the nests of birds of the species by which she was reared.

What Do Tiger Moths Live On?

Such moths and butterflies as feed—many do not—live mainly upon the nectar of flowers.

The tiger moth caterpillar will eat many forms of vegetation—lettuce, the leaves of plum, nectarine, dock, hawthorn, willow, nettle, and chickweed. The safest course, if you have young caterpillars, is to feed them on the plants on which you found them.

What Good Does a Slug Do?

From man's point of view it does little but harm, because it devours the produce of his garden and cultivated land. In the wilds it is useful in checking overgrowth of vegetation. Slugs, snails, flies, rats, mice, scorpions, lions, tigers, all have their proper place in nature; it is only when they compete with man that they become enemies.

Why Are Kittens Born Blind?

Many other animals besides kittens and puppies are born blind, but only such as are helpless at birth, and not all of these. It cannot be that light is required to perfect the eye. Probably it is of advantage to have the little ones sightless while they are defenceless, so that they may not be tempted to wriggle and scratch their way out of security into places where they would be devoured or destroyed.

Do Dogs Reason?

No man can say positively, for none can tell where instinct ends and reason begins. A human baby's actions are at first absolutely instinctive, and develop gradually into reasoned processes.

The writer's belief is that a dog's brain matures from an organ which automatically dictates certain acts in response to certain conditions into one which thinks, ponders, questions, and decides according to the circumstances of the moment, reasoning dimly as a little child reasons, but to no higher extent.

FIREBALLS IN THE SKY

EXPLOSION FIFTY MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

Meteors as Big as the Dome of St. Paul's

TRAVELLING 700 MILES AN HOUR

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

About once or twice in the course of a month the heavens are lit up by one of those brilliant objects popularly known as fireballs.

It is a beautiful and impressive sight to see a ball of light, often appearing larger than Jupiter or Venus, speeding across the sky, and lasting several seconds—very different from the fleeting Perseid meteor, that is but a streak.

Sometimes these fireballs appear as large as the full moon, and they have even been known to burst but a few miles above the earth. This is followed by a loud explosion and a shower of fragments—meteoric stones—which fall in thousands over an area of several miles, often doing much damage.

Such an occurrence happened at Madrid in February, 1896. It caused a panic, wrecked some buildings, and broke millions of panes of glass, acting just like a great explosion of dynamite, although it was calculated to have burst 18½ miles up.

Meteor that Ends in Smoke

A great shower fell at New Concord, in Ohio, in 1860, and another at Knyahing, in Hungary, in 1866, when a thousand stones were estimated to have fallen; while at L'Aigle, in France, in 1803, about three thousand meteoric stones followed the bursting of what appeared, in the daylight, like a small and rapidly moving cloud, and there was a succession of explosions like rifle fire.

These explosive fireballs are known as *Bolides*, and it is not unusual to see one burst high up, say, 50 or more miles away, when little or nothing is heard; but most of them fortunately "end in smoke," while a few reach the earth as a mass of meteoric matter, sometimes weighing several tons. These are known as *aerolites*, that is, air-stones; and sometimes as *uranoliths*, or heaven-stones.

It is singular that many are actually composed largely of stone, and were until the last century generally believed to have been blown off from the earth.

Fragments of a Comet

Much mystery still surrounds them on account of their materials. So much is earth-like, such as carbon, phosphorus and lime; yet so much is not, for elements are there not found on earth; and most remarkable of all is the fact that when these aerolites are heated to incandescence they throw off gases similar to comets.

They are actually a large type of meteor, varying from a few feet in diameter to a size approaching the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. They appear to have broken away from some comet, and for ages sped through space in a solitary career for countless millions of miles, until venturing too close to Mother Earth we see them burst into a blaze of incandescence as they rush through our atmosphere.

Finding the Height of a Fireball

From week to week one of these visitors is to be seen somewhere. For instance, one as bright as Mars was observed on May 18 last, at 9.39 p.m., by an observer in London; another at Stowmarket, and another at Holt, in Norfolk. In each case the observer noted the exact time of its appearance, and the course it took in its flight in relation to the stars. These details they forwarded to Mr. W. F. Denning, the Bristol astronomer, who is the leading authority upon meteors.

From the particulars sent him Mr. Denning was able to calculate that the height of this fireball was from 70 to 31 miles when it disappeared, its path 39 miles long, and that it travelled at the rate of 12 miles a second. G. F. M.

THE MYSTERY MAN

A Thrilling Tale of Play and Adventure at Claycroft School

: : Told by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 21 Bait

MARK MANSFORD and Harney were not over keen about games, and very rarely played them. The fact is that they were both too slack to practise at the nets, and, as everyone knows, you can't be any good at cricket unless you do.

Very wisely, Dr. Colston did not allow boys to loaf about the school buildings on half-holiday afternoons, so on these occasions Manny and his particular pal usually went off for a walk. As a rule they chose some place within easy distance where they could get tea, and their walk was only for the purpose of working up an appetite for the good things.

One Saturday, about three weeks after the presentation to Tom Cosby, the two decided to go a bit farther afield than usual, and to walk as far as Marsea.

"I want to see where that chap Cosby lives," said Mansford. "And I'll tell you what, Harney, it would be a good notion to go and talk to his father. We might find out something useful about him."

Harney shook his head.

"Can't do that today, Mansford. Cosby has got leave for the week-end. He's gone home from today till Monday."

"That don't matter," said Mansford. "If we can't talk to his father, we're sure to run into someone else who knows him."

Harney looked rather doubtful.

"I don't want to run into Cosby himself," he said.

"We won't do that. Anyhow, he'll probably be out fishing or something of that sort," he added, with a sneer.

It was a lovely afternoon, and just the prettiest time of the year. Even the two fat slackers couldn't help enjoying their walk. They got to Marsea about half-past three, but instead of going straight down into the village strolled along the top of the cliffs.

Mansford looked at his watch.

"It's too early for tea," he said. "Let's squat down and take it easy for a bit."

He flung himself down on the short, crisp turf close to the edge of the cliffs, which here were of no great height, and Harney followed his example.

It was sleepy weather, and Mansford, pleasantly tired, was just closing his eyes when Harney roused him.

"There's Cosby now," he said sharply.

Mansford sat up quickly.

"Where?"

"In the boat. My goodness, look at the rig he's wearing! Does credit to the school, doesn't he?"

Mansford was wide awake now. His eyes were fixed upon Tom, who was sculling a small weather-beaten dinghy parallel to the cliff and only a hundred yards off. He was got up in a pair of ancient and much-patched trousers, big sea-boots, and a jersey which had once been blue, but was now green with age. In the stern of the boat was a garden fork, a bucket, and a tin biscuit-box.

"What's he after?" demanded Mansford. "What's he doing with that fork?"

"Blessed if I know," replied Harney, with a puzzled look on his podgy face. "He can't fish with it. Let's watch."

They had not long to wait for an explanation. A hundred yards or so to the left a low point of rocks ran out into the sea, ending in a long spit of mud, now bared by the ebb tide. Tom rowed straight to this, and stopped out on to the mud. First he carried the anchor well out across the spit, then, fork in one hand, biscuit-tin in the other, he walked half-way out

along the little promontory, stopped, and began to dig.

Presently he dived down into the hole and brought up a long, reddish, wriggling object, which he dropped into the biscuit-box.

"Ugh, it's a worm!" said Mansford wrinkling up his nose in disgust.

"Lobs," explained Harney. "They're for bait."

The pair watched Tom work out towards the end of the spit.

Mansford turned quickly to Harney.

"I say, I've got a brain wave. Look here, if we went down along the rocks we could sneak his boat. He'd never see us."

"What's the use?" asked Harney doubtfully. "It isn't as if we could maroon him on the mud. He's only got to walk back along the spit and up the rocks."

"Yes, if he came at once, but he won't. He's too busy. Probably he'll be digging there for an hour or more. And look at that dip in the spit just beyond the end of the rocks. The tide's just turned. It'll be over that low place in half an hour or so, and I'll bet it'll be in over those big boots of his when he tries to cross it."

Harney was still doubtful.

"What are you going to do with the boat—take it away?"

"No, only shift it back closer to the rocks. Then we can hide up in the gorse here and watch him."

"But we've got to cross that soft bit ourselves to reach the boat," objected Harney.

"We can take our boots off and roll up our trousers," said Mansford, who was set on carrying out his silly scheme.

"You can jolly well do that yourself then," said Harney. "I'm not going to get myself all in a muck."

"You needn't come at all if you don't want to," retorted Mansford, crossly, as he rose to his feet.

By the time that Mansford reached the seaward end of the rocks, the tide had risen a little and had swung the boat in, so that, by stretching out, Mansford could just reach the stern. He glanced at Tom, but Tom had his back turned, and was busy digging, so Mansford stepped into the boat, released it, and then picked up a scull and paddled back.

Another minute, and he was safe on the rocks and had dropped the hook in between two of them.

"There, I told you so," he said triumphantly to Harney. "Easy as pie. Now let's get back and watch. I hope he goes in up to his neck," he added viciously.

With the flood the breeze increased, and small waves began to roll up over the spit. At last Tom was driven back, and, with his bait-can nearly full, turned and came back up the spit. It was not until then that he saw that his boat had been shifted; and Mansford, hiding in the gorse, hugged himself, and chuckled as he watched the puzzled frown on Tom's brown face.

Mansford, watching eagerly, saw Tom walk unhesitatingly into the water waist deep and come safely on to the rocks.

"You silly ass!" whispered Harney. "He didn't mind getting wet a bit."

Mansford did not answer. He was scowling as he watched Tom. Tom sat down on a rock, pulled off his boots, emptied out the water, pulled them on again, and turned to get into his boat. But here he was in a difficulty.

Mansford grinned malevolently. "He can't reach the rope. It's under water."

He was right. The tide had risen over the hook and the rope, so that Tom could not reach either. Mean-

time the dinghy was bumping against a larger rock some distance away.

Finding he could not reach the hook Tom stood up. His purpose was clear. He would get into the boat, draw her up by the rope and jerk the hook out from the crevice where it was stuck.

But this big rock was a nasty one. It was narrow and sharp, and separated from the rest by a channel of water. Tom had to jump this channel to reach it.

The jump was only a yard or so—nothing to an athlete like Tom. Perhaps it was his heavy sea-boots that made him clumsy. At any rate, just as he jumped his foot slipped, his body struck the sharp-topped rock, he rolled right over it, and fell with a crash into the dinghy.

CHAPTER 22

The Locket

"THAT'S one for his nob!" exclaimed Mansford eagerly.

Harney did not answer. He was looking down at Tom with a rather scared expression.

"I believe he's hurt," he said.

"Jolly good job too!" declared Mansford.

Harney swung round on him.

"What if he's killed?" he said sharply.

Mansford's grin faded.

"Killed! Rot! You're trying to scare me."

"I'm not. He's lying as still as a log, and his head's bleeding."

Mansford went white as paste.

"I'm going to clear out," he said.

If a bully, Harney had much more sense than Mansford.

"Don't be an ass. I bar the fellow as much as you do, but we can't leave him to bleed to death."

"I'm not going near him. I'm going back to the school," vowed Mansford, in a shaking fright.

"If you do I'll never speak to you again," replied Harney curtly. "This is all your silly fault, anyhow. Come on."

Mansford saw that Harney meant it, and very reluctantly followed him down on to the rocks. It was Harney who managed to get into the dinghy. He stooped and looked at Tom.

"He's insensible," he said. "We will have to take him to the beach. It's no good your getting into the dinghy, Mansford. You go round and meet me."

So saying, Harney cut the mooring rope, and with a few strokes brought the dinghy in to the beach, where Mansford met him.

"Help me to lift him out," he said.

Between them they laid Tom on the beach. He was limp as leather, and his eyes were closed.

"He's not d-dead," stammered Mansford.

"He's not dead, but he's got a precious ugly cut on the head. You stay here with him while I go and find someone."

Mansford caught him by the arm.

"You mustn't do that. They'd know it was us."

"It wasn't us; it was you," retorted Harney curtly. "And if you don't do what I say I'll jolly well tell 'em so. Meantime you try to stop that bleeding."

He stalked off; and Mansford, green with fright, stood stock-still on the beach, watching him. Then he remembered Harney's orders about stopping the bleeding, and, taking out his handkerchief, bent down and pressed it clumsily on the cut.

He was relieved to see that the cut was not deep. Also, that Tom was breathing easily.

"I don't believe he's much hurt, after all," he said to himself in a sort of snarl. It was at this moment that he caught sight of the thin gold chain around Tom's neck.

"It's all right. There are two chaps coming along the beach."

Harney was breathless with running. "I spotted them just as I was rounding the bend in the cliff. They didn't see me, so that's all right. But they're coming this way, and they can't miss him."

Mansford got up quickly.

"Then we can hook it?" he said eagerly. "We can leave Cosby and clear out?"

"That's it. We'll go up the cliff again, and hide in the gorse. We must wait to see that they do find him, but if they do—well, that's all right, and we needn't appear in the business at all."

Mansford sighed with relief, and, leaving Tom where he lay, the two made themselves scarce with all speed.

Hidden in the gorse they looked down. Two fishermen were just rounding the bulge in the cliff a quarter of a mile away. They saw Tom lying on the sand, and at once quickened their steps.

But Tom himself was already stirring. He sat up and looked around him in a dazed sort of fashion. Then his hand went to his neck.

"What's he doing that for?" asked Harney.

Mansford did not answer. There was a very queer expression on his face—so queer that Harney stared at him.

The two men came up to Tom.

"Let's clear out," whispered Mansford in Harney's ear. Harney nodded, and the pair crept away through the gorse. Once out of sight of the top of the cliff, they rose to their feet and ran. Nor did they stop until they were a good half-mile away. Then, puffing hard with the unwonted exercise, they quieted down to a walk.

Harney was the first to speak.

"Why did Cosby put his hand to his neck like that?" he asked.

Mansford looked round to make sure no one was in sight.

"It's a locket hung round his neck on a gold chain," he answered in a mysterious whisper. "It's got a seal inside it."

"A seal?" repeated Harney.

"Yes, and the Netley crest on it."

"I suppose Netley gave it to him?"

"I don't believe Netley gave it him at all, for the locket has a date on it, and the date is June 5, 1905, and I happen to know that June 5 is Cosby's birthday."

Harney gave a low whistle.

"This is a rum go." "It just about is," answered Mansford, and paused. "I say, Harney, I wonder if Cosby is really the son of that old fisherman chap?"

TO BE CONTINUED



MR
TOOTS
Makes
A Big Hit!

Mr. Toots always runs up a big score of laughs with the boys and girls who read his jolly adventures in "Wonderland Weekly" every week.

His merry pranks with his little friends Dickie Duck and Georgie Merry-Mouse are just as funny as can be. Start reading them TODAY in

WONDERLAND WEEKLY

The Jolly COLOURED
Picture Paper

OUT ON FRIDAYS

Five-Minute Story

A Joy Ride

"JOLLY little car, the doctor's," said Jim.

"It must be topping to drive one," sighed Harry.

Jim chuckled.

"Pooh! It's as easy as winking," he retorted. "I'll run you down the drive and back long before the doctor has finished vaccinating the Squealer. Get in."

Certainly Jim could drive—at least, the car was going.

"Are you going to turn in the road?" asked Harry.

"Y-es-s," growled Jim.

It never does to speak to the man at the wheel.

"Aren't you going to turn?" asked Harry.

"Don't chatter!" said Jim.

The car had reached the end of the lane.

"I say," urged Harry, "the doctor will be in a stew. He's sure to be finished by now."

Jim groaned.

"I can't stop it," he muttered.

The car was going faster down the slope.

"W-what?" gasped Harry.

"Si-it still," panted Jim.

Faster went the car.

"The river," moaned Harry.

If Jim failed to turn the car to the right at the head of Dockell Lane they would head straight for the river.

No one in sight—only Gwen Little. But what's the use of a girl? Gwen had seen their white faces, guessed their grim plight, and then *run away* as fast as she could. Little coward!

And faster went the car. There would be the level crossing at the bottom of the slope, and then—the river.

Jim had completely lost his head, and sat huddled up, helpless. Harry grabbed the wheel; but nothing happened.

Ah! the gates of the level crossing. It was a neglected piece of line along which no train glided now. The gates were never closed, and were probably rotting on their hinges. If only—but look!

It was Gwen Little! The girl had run like a hare, taking the short cut, and had reached the level crossing.

She was closing the gates. Would she be in time? Or would the car, unchecked, sweep down the slope and pass over her before she had time to do so?

Crash! The car reeled, swung, all but collapsed, then slid forward against the bank, where it half-lay, panting like a live thing.

Gwen had been just in time; she had thrown herself back into safety as the car reached the gate. It was to her the boys owed their lives.

Possibly the heroism of Gwen occupied the thoughts of the doctor and others to the exclusion of the boys' transgression.

But they had to pay for their motor trip. One generally does. But they never speak now of Gwen as "only a girl." She has become a superior kind of boy. And they adore her.



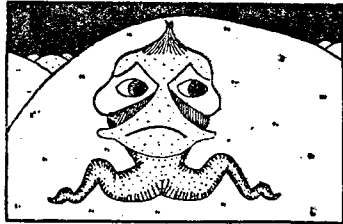
The Best Doctor is Dr. Merryman



Dr. MERRYMAN

POET (rapturously): "See the dancing snowflakes!"
Cynical Friend: "H'm! Practising for the snowball, I suppose."

The Zoo That Never Was



The Plymp

OBSERVE the Plymp! He is an imp: He hides 'neath hill or bump, Stays there as quietly as a shrimp— Then shouts and makes you jump!

Missing Words

In this verse five words are missing. They all consist of the same five letters, arranged in a different way in each case. Can you fill them in?

MARY sat with _____ in hand,
Writing _____ dramatic;
Did she _____ the plots she planned?

Negative emphatic!

_____ to us the tales may be,
But at _____ they're new to she.

Solutions next week

The Cat In a Bag

A MAN carried a bag about at Scarborough in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat. The people flocked round him to see this great curiosity, but when the man let the cat out of the bag it proved to be a black one.

"But you said the cat was cherry-coloured!" exclaimed the people, indignantly.

"Well, so it is," replied the man. "Are there not black cherries?"

Do You Live In Pembroke?

PEMBROKE is from the Old Welsh Pen broc, meaning head of the sealand. This is, of course, a description of the part of the country embraced within the county. The spelling changed gradually from Penbroc to Penbroke, and then to Pembroke.

What Nationality Is He?



Here is a picture of a man having a shampoo. Can you tell what nationality he is?

Two Seats for Comfort

IN the old days a stout gentleman desirous of travelling down into the West Country thought that he would take two seats, so as to have plenty of room and be quite comfortable.

He therefore sent his servant to the office to book the seats, but what was his disgust, on going to the coach just before it started, when every seat was engaged, to find that the servant, being unable to get two seats outside, had booked one inside and one outside.

Buried Towns
in this verse three towns are buried. Can you discover them?

WAIT while I think the matter over
On holiday intent;
The best I've seen is surely Dover,
That pretty port of Kent.

Solution next week

Freak Figures

$1 \times 8 + 1 = 9$
 $12 \times 8 + 2 = 98$
 $123 \times 8 + 3 = 987$
 $1234 \times 8 + 4 = 9876$
 $12345 \times 8 + 5 = 98765$
 $123456 \times 8 + 6 = 987654$
 $1234567 \times 8 + 7 = 9876543$
 $12345678 \times 8 + 8 = 98765432$
 $123456789 \times 8 + 9 = 987654321$

"HE seems very narrow-minded in an argument."

"Oh, no! Not at all. He admits there are two sides to every question; his side and the wrong side."

Tongue Twister

THERE was a Russian came over the sea
Just when the war was growing hot;
And his name it was Tjalikavakaree-
Karindobrolikavahudarot-
Shibkadirova-
Ivarditztova-
Sanilik-
Danerick-
Varagobhot.

A Little French Made Easy



Le bateau Le tire-bou- Le colli-
desauvetage chon maçon

Le bateau de sauvetage ira en mer
À quoi sert le tire-bouchon?
Le colimaçon avance lentement



Le calendrier La hache Le fauteuil

Le calendrier est pendu au mur
La hache sert à fendre le bois
Je vais dormir dans le fauteuil

Time-Table Changes

The following notice was recently put up at a small country railway station:

NOTICE

The 9.30 p.m. train will not run in future, so that there will be no last train this month. By Order

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Is Your Name Here?

The names were Ivan and Faith.

What Is It?

The letter N; me becomes men, one becomes none, and a sty, nasty.

Notes and Queries

What is a Tripos? A tripos is a university examination, and the name is supposed to be derived from the tripods, or wooden-legged stools, that the students formerly used.

What is a Close Time for Birds? A close time for birds is a period during which it is illegal to kill or catch them. Close times are imposed in order to prevent the birds from being exterminated.

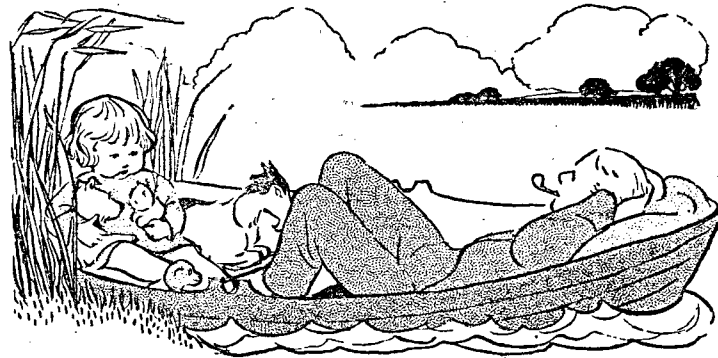
What is Matériel? Matériel is a French word meaning material, but it has come to be used as a technical term for military or naval stores.

The Adventures of Jerry

TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

CHAPTER 14

JERRY had never enjoyed anything in his life so much as that picnic on the river. When the hamper was empty his new friend pulled out his pipe, and lay back in the boat contentedly sucking it, his hands clasped behind his head.



Jerry sat curled up in the boat

Jerry sat curled up in the other end of the boat, smiling at him, with Pat under one arm and Snowball under the other. He was thinking of the wonderful sea tales he had been listening to, and making up his mind that when he grew up he, too, like Mr. Stephens—for that was his name—would be a sailor, and sail in a big boat all round the world.

"And fight pirates," he said aloud, "and be shipwrecked—Have you ever been shipwrecked?" he asked.

"No," replied Mr. Stephens, laughing.

"And live for years and years and years on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe," Jerry went on.

"What will you do with the menagerie?" asked Mr. Stephens. Now, whether it was because she objected to be spoken of like that, Jerry couldn't say, but Snowball suddenly wriggled herself out of his arms, sprang up on to the side of the boat, and ran along the edge.

Jerry, terrified that she would topple over, jumped up after her, and tried to clutch her.

"Steady there! Sit down!" ordered Mr. Stephens.

But he was too late. The kitten dodged away and slipped down to the bottom of the boat again, while Jerry, poor little Jerry, lost his balance, and fell with a plop into the water.

More of Jerry next week

Jacko Feels Thirsty

THERE was nothing Jacko liked better than getting a ride on a cart behind the driver's back. He loved to watch the man's face when he turned round and caught him. But once it was Master Jacko who got the surprise.

Said Mrs. Jacko one day, "I want you, Jacko, to carry some eggs to old Baldwin. Now do be careful, and," she added, holding up her hand, "no tricks!"

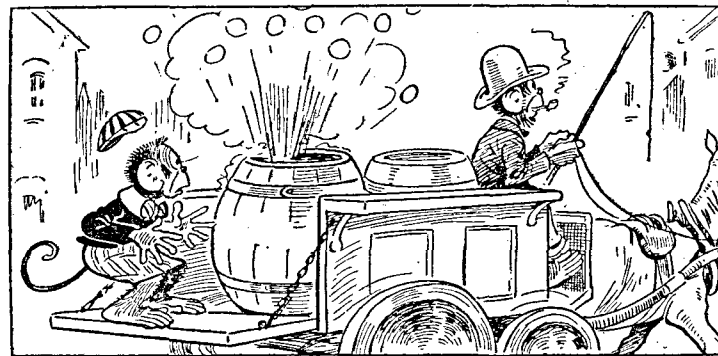
"All right," he replied. "I'll be careful."

And he meant it. But it was a hot day and he had a long way to go; and when a cart came along with a sleepy old driver driving a sleepy old horse, he simply couldn't resist jumping up behind.

The cart had a barrel on it; Jacko wondered what was in it. He put his basket carefully on top, and began poking round to find out. At the side were a tap and a huge cork.

"Wish it was ginger beer," he thought, and then, as he suddenly caught sight of a label, "Why, it is! Oh, I would like a little drink!" And the naughty boy took hold of the cork and pulled.

There was a loud report. Out came the cork, and the next moment the eggs were spinning round and round over his head like Catherine-wheels!



There was a loud report

Who Was He?

The Clever Soldier

A BOY who was born in 1762 spent his early days in the fields. His father was a small farmer who kept an inn to supplement his slender income.

Listening to the conversations of the customers in his father's inn, the boy began to get some idea of politics, and took an interest in questions of the day. He and his three brothers, however, had to work hard on the farm, and this they did willingly.

When he was twenty years old the youth went on a visit to a relation near Portsmouth, and for the first time saw the sea. He had a sudden desire to join the navy, and offered himself as a volunteer to an officer, who dissuaded him from joining.

He went home again, but the quiet of village life became wearying, and one day he saw the London coach coming, and there being a vacant seat he suddenly booked it and jumped up.

Arriving in the capital, he met by chance a customer of his father's, who acted as Good Samaritan, and took the youth to a lawyer's in Gray's Inn, where he was engaged as a clerk.

Here again he found a quiet life irksome, and soon after enlisted in a regiment stationed at Chatham. Instead of wasting his time in frivolities he subscribed to a circulating library, and started reading books. "In the course of this year," he says, "I learnt much more than I had ever done before."

He soon gained promotion, and when his regiment was sent to America was made sergeant-major at the early age of 21. The increased pay and extra money he was able to earn by keeping accounts for the officers enabled him to save money, so that in a few years he had £150.

Taking an early morning walk one day with a soldier friend, he saw a young girl of thirteen doing some household work outside the door of her father's cottage, and remarked to his companion, "I will marry that girl." This was treated as a joke, but the young soldier did eventually marry her.

When he returned to England he left the Army and took up politics, first on one side and then, changing his views, on the other. He got into serious trouble with the authorities, was fined many times, and was once imprisoned. He published a newspaper, and wrote several books in English as pure and simple as John Bunyan's. Some of these are read today.

Many of his ideas were crude, but he was thoroughly honest. He died near Guildford in 1835.

Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Hugh Miller



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

August 7, 1920

Every Friday, 1d.

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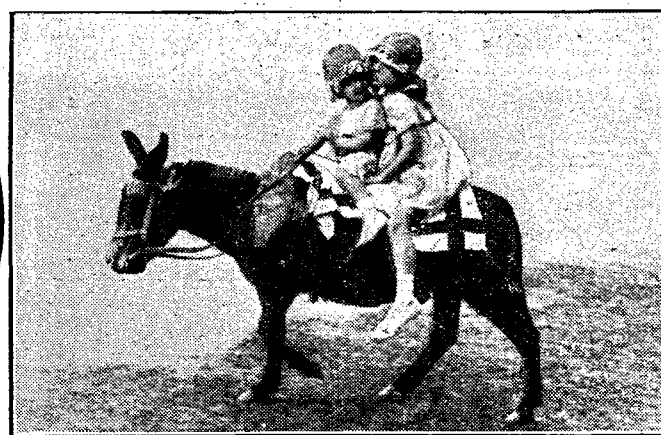
THE HAPPY DAYS ARE COMING BACK AGAIN · JOLLY CHILDREN BY THE SEA



A quiet ride along the beach after a bathe



Keeping cool on a very warm day



Neddy finds a double load quite easy



The little fisher girl finds a shrimp



A look-out from the top of the cliffs



A happy little mermaid just out of the water



Rover goes with his friends for a paddle



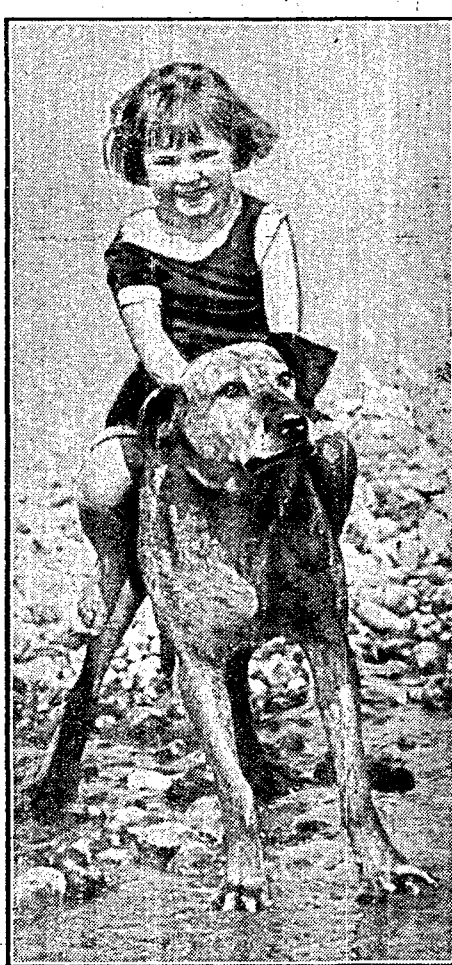
A merry party playing games in the surf



Looking for a rare treasure from the sea



A messenger from the Gulf of Mexico. See page 7



A jolly ride on the beach



A good find among the rocks and pools



A very close race along the sands



The children enjoy their first bathe



A cool resting-place